

Saturday 3rd 17

Darkest, by land - cheerful to say, with some
 work making things guns & repairing
 them. It was not so cold & a morning
 out of doors was quite a luxury. The
 question was what to name the guns.
 I was for George, Andrew, Patrick
 & David, mine being David, but
 perhaps this is a little grave.
 Told my servants to saddle it with
 the man. His name is Stenlake,
 a Devonshire man, engineer, dark,
 middle height, lean, pale, married,
 and about 30, a very capable nice
 fellow. but he wants to take
 a commission & is obliging
 for one.

Mr. M. has a tedious
 over-emphatic politeness that
 comes from self-consciousness, &
 humble heart & makes tedious.
 Also he is always half in a hurry
 when he starts from the tent
 to the latrine he always begins

by running a few letters this
ordinary with looks as if
he were just going to run the
races on his toes & bobs, being
forward a little with pale
audacious face set. This
politeness is so absurd that it
makes me appressed and
Nor is it real politeness, because
he is so very unobtrusive —
when caught — licking his
apologies extravagantly

Bundy.

Now I can't write more. We
are very busy. We leave for
up country tonight & we
don't yet know anything
about where we are bound for.
All well. It is fine woods
too cold for a long
journey. E. H. J.